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No Sacrifice of Principles.

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Miscellaneous.

LITTLE CATHARINE.

There lived in Illinois, a man who tried to obey the Saviour's command to preach the Gospel. His wife was beautiful and lovely. They had several pretty children, one of whom was named Catharine, after her aunt. Her form was handsome, like her Mother's; her complexion yet fairer, and all her features beautiful. Her behavior was yet more attractive than her person. She was graceful, in motion, obedient, and gentle in all her ways. When but six years of age, she seemed to imitate her Saviour in meekly passing by injuries done. Emotions of revenge, we humbly trust, were never allowed to enter her peaceful bosom. Last summer her parents, in their missionary labors, found themselves in a sickly place upon the Illinois River. To preserve their health, and as they especially hoped, to save their fair daughter, they removed to the purer inland air. There she became much interested in a school taught by her cousin. A good man of the Sabbath School gave her a book, the little stories in which she easily learned to read. With delight she would come each day to her parents and read one after another, these good pieces. When she found a strange word, she would ask what it meant, and be much gratified to receive the idea it was used to convey. As this explained to her these lessons about the kindly and wonderful works, she would kindly with interest and almost unasked, "Whit promise and hope, and fond expectations, surrounded this lovely child. But alas! the destroyer came. A fatal disease raged among the children; and at last stole into the system of gentle Catharine. Her father at that time was quite sick, and her mother too delicate to wait upon her as she desired. But Catharine was quiet and happy. On the day of her attack she had gone with her uncle to the Sabbath School, and in the evenings while others were at supper, listening with pleasing interest to her father's comments upon the Gospel story of Lazarus and the rich man. You may read it in the 16th chapter of Luke. She wondered how in the abundance of this man's wealth, he could allow poor Lazarus to suffer and die at his gate. Finally, when told that he went to heaven, she asked how he got up to that happy place. Her father informed her, that God sent some good angels to carry him there, and she rejoiced. She patiently bore her affliction until Thursday morning, when her father grew better, and prepared to remove her to town, where she might have better attention. She was relieved apparently by a pleasant bath, and then started, with her mother in an easy carriage. The ride seemed to do her good; but still her disease held on. Day after day, and night after night she lay and patiently endured this painful disorder without a word of murmur. The only objection she made, was against the remedies employed to save her. To her dear mother she said—"Let me die, for it is better to be free from this trouble."

When her father would insist upon trying to relieve her, and express his fear that she might die unless she submitted to remedy, she said she was willing to go. Her eldest brother told her that if she left us, little Asaph would have no one to play with, to which she readily answered, that "he and Edwin could play with him." About the 10th or 11th day she appeared better, and desired to eat. A little soup was prepared for her—and after relishing a few spoonfuls of it—she playfully remarked, that she might soon be able to go home—if we would but give her plenty of soup.

But in a few days she grew worse having as we feared acute chills and fever, with the dysentery, her mind disorder. She ran so low, that her parents and brother several times gathered round her bed to witness her last struggle. One day as her father watched her, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, my dear father, I am dying!" and swooned away almost into death. By cool water, and rubbing, she again revived. At last on the 26th day of her illness she asked her mother to move her into another room. A neat little bed was prepared and the change made. Before noon she was restless. At twelve o'clock, she seemed to fall into a tranquil, happy state. Believing that she was about to depart, her parents called her brothers to see if she would know them, and to have all join in bidding her farewell. She seemed to be conscious of the solemn scene around her, and yet she was the only one that appeared tranquil. Her end was indeed "peace." Not a pain seemed to disturb her body, nor a fear her tranquil mind. Not a word of trouble rolled across her peaceful breast. She gently fell asleep—to be awakened by her Saviour in the morning of the resurrection, and clothed upon with immortality and eternal life.

Left as we are, to linger a little longer here, let us give all diligence to improve the time, that we may indeed live the life of the righteous—die his death, and have our last end like his.

Missouri.—Atchison, of Missouri, supported Clayton's amendment excluding foreigners in Nebraska from the right of suffrage. The Missouri Democrat remarks on his course:—"We trust that those who have come from foreign lands to cast their lot among us, and who are at present waiting upon the border eager to go and till the fertile valleys of the Kansas and the Missouri rivers, will bear in mind the conduct of Mr. Atchison, when he and his friends beg their aid in August next. Perhaps by that time Mr. Atchison will find that his negro-stealing constituency, and 'Dutch and Irish' whom he wishes to exclude from sharing the spreading plains of two territories, have still a sense of self-respect remaining, and that they will teach him that a nullifier may lash his slaves, but can never nullify the laws of humanity. The natural population in Missouri will bear in mind this illiberal fling at their origin, and this unjust exclusion of foreign born emigrants from sharing equally in the rights of the territories. Slavery may go there, and the faith of thirty years be broken to force it upon the soil—but our foreign population cannot participate in its advantages, although custom and precedent have conceded this to them in all past time."

Desperate Renegade on the Steamer S. F. J. Traube.

We have often heard of meeting a murderer on the High Seas, but seldom have we read such scenes of violence as occurred on the steamer S. F. J. Traube, on the Mississippi river, during her recent trip from New Orleans. As is usual at this season of the year, the boat was crowded with deck passengers, chiefly flat-boaters from Pittsburgh. Among the latter was a set of turbulent, quarrelsome men, who were about to be drunk when they got on the boat at New Orleans, and had a fight or two among themselves, before the boat left port. Capt. Tucker was notified by a friend, who recognized one or two of the men, that he would have trouble with them and they would try to take the boat.

Soon after the boat was under way and before she had proceeded many miles up the river, one of the Pittsburgh coal boatmen attacked a Wabash man who was quiet and peaceable and had said nothing to him, and knocked him down and beat him severely. Two of his friends interfered to save him from further ill usage, when they were beat and beat nearly to death, and one of them had his arm broken by a blow of an axe in the hands of one of the rioters. The deck was up and another passenger, a small man, stepped up after the first fray and called for a drink. While he was in the act of drinking, a burly fellow, a bully among the coal boatmen, stepped up and seized him by the neck choker, and threw him to the deck as if he were a chicken, and then stamped him. He was suffered to get up and as soon as he regained his feet he drew a knife and inflicted a terrible wound in the big man's right breast, which placed him on his back during the rest of the trip, and on the arrival of the boat here he was sent to the hospital.

Not long after this occurrence the coal boatmen became perfectly wild with liquor, or their anxiety for a fight, and were heard to swear that they would take the boat, and do as they pleased. The deck was crowded with passengers, and the quiet and orderly had no peace or rest, and were beset every moment. Captain Tucker then determined to quell the riot, and summoning his crew, among whom were twenty-one Spaniards, and arming them with short clubs, hatchets, and whatever weapons he could, he marched to the lower deck and endeavored to restore order and put the rioters on shore. The rioters laughed at him, and one big fellow showed his fist under his nose and defied the whole crew. The Spaniards, in solid phalanx armed with clubs and long knives, were ordered to advance and seize the ringleader. Then ensued a scene of strife and confusion seldom seen on the deck of a boat.

The Spanish crew, however, were victorious, and managed to secure four of the ringleaders who were tied neck and heel and peace was at once restored. The chief of the mob was not caught, and for several days could not be found, and it was thought that he, together with four or five others, had jumped over board and either drowned or swam ashore. Several of the cabin passengers aver that they distinctly saw three or four men in the river, and as the affair occurred soon after the boat left New Orleans it was impossible to tell who was lost.

During the melee, a coal boatman of the name of Blakey was much hurt, and dangerously stabbed in the rear. He was taken care of by the officers of the boat, and sent to the Hospital. The mate of the Traube, received a cut in the hand from a knife which he caught just as one of the mutineers made a lunge at him.

The four that were arrested were put off of the boat soon after the affray was quelled, and when the boat was in the neighborhood of Milliken Bend, the big fellow that had been missing, was found, and was forthwith set ashore. He had been secreted under the cylinder timbers. No further outbreak occurred during the trip, though many threats were made just before the boat reached port. The discipline of the Spaniards, and the determination of the officers of the boat put an effectual stop to the lawlessness of the coal boatmen.

A Sneezing Court.

The Cincinnati Columbian must be held responsible for the following "sneezer":

During the progress of the examination of Minkhouse and Leary, for an outrage upon an idiot girl, as reported elsewhere, some persons or persons, not having a due sense of the awful majesty of the law or the dignity of the court, scattered a villainous mixture of snuff, Cayenne pepper, May-berry bark, and most probably a slight sprinkling of cowage about the room. It happened at the time that the audience was extremely large, and of that mixed description that generally congregates about the purlies of a Court of Justice. The infuriating dust soon began to take effect; a concert of sneezing mixed with coughing, first among the outsiders, made it impossible to understand one word from either Judge, lawyer, witness or prisoner.

"Silence," shouted the marshal.

"Si-ab-chi-chee-lence," sneezed the deputy.

By this time the epidemic had extended to within side the bar, and there was as much coughing and sneezing as ever was heard within the House of Representatives during a proxy speech of an unpopular orator.

"Open the high-win-chee-chee-doo-doo, oh Lord," exclaimed the prosecuting attorney.

"I suggest-ab-chee-thee that they be chits turned out," gasped another lawyer.

The Judge, who by this time had coughed and sneezed until his face was as red as the comb of a turkey cock, was struck by the idea and a posse of officers being called from below, cleared the unhappy multitude, who upon the egress into the street gave such a concerted diabolical sneeze, that a couple of horses that were hitched outside, became scared, and breaking their bridles scampered frantically away.

There is reason to suppose that some ungodly culprit, the pores of whose pocket had been opened for misdeeds, had taken this method to retaliate, by opening the pores of the Court's orifices.

The Illinois Canal, from Chicago has been open for several days past.

LIBERTY OR DEATH.

We commend the following account of the efforts of a man held as a slave in Virginia to escape from bondage, to the notice of those who assert that the bondmen of the South are happy and contented. The conduct of the Captain of the *Keystone State* was mean and infamous in the highest degree. We copy from the *Philadelphia Register* of the 20th ult:

The practical Patrick Henrys are more numerous than people are aware of. An instance of the most daring and courageous attempt to obtain the boon of liberty has just come to our knowledge. The steamship *Keystone State*, which arrived at this port on Saturday morning, had just entered Delaware Bay, when a man was discovered secreted outside of the vessel and under the guards. When brought from his hiding place, he was found to be a fugitive slave, who had secreted himself there before the vessel left Savannah on Wednesday, and had remained in that place from the time of starting! His position was such that the water swept over and around him almost constantly. He had some bread in his pocket, which he had intended for subsistence until he could reach a land of liberty. It was saturated with sea-water and dissolved to a pulp. When our readers remember the high winds of Friday and the sudden change to cold during that night, and the fact that the fugitive had remained in that situation for three days and nights, we think it will be conceded that he fully earned his liberty, and that the "institution," which was so intolerable that he was willing to run the risk of almost certain death, to escape from it, had no very great attractions for him.

But the poor man was doomed to disappointment. The Captain ordered the vessel to put in to New Castle, where the fugitive, hardly able to stand, was taken on shore and incarcerated in jail, where he now awaits the order of his owner in Savannah.

The following additional particulars are from the same paper of the 21st:

The "KEYSTONE STATE" CASE.—Our article yesterday morning brought us several letters of inquiry and offers of the unfortunate inmate of New Castle jail. In answer to the former, we would say that the steamer "*Keystone State*," left Savannah, at 9 A. M., last Wednesday. It was about the same hour next morning that the men engaged in hearing the lead, heard a voice from under the guard's exploring hole. A rope was procured, and the man relieved from his dangerous and suffering situation. He was well cared for immediately; a suit of dry clothes was furnished him, and he was given his share of the contents of the boat pantry. On arriving at New Castle the Captain had him placed in jail for the purpose, as we are informed, of taking him back to Savannah.

To those who have offered contributions so liberally, we answer that the prospect is that only a small amount will be needed—enough to fee a lawyer to sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*. The salient facts of the case are as follows: A free man and a native of Philadelphia, he gives his name as Edward Davis, and says that he formerly lived at No. 5, Steel's Court; that he was a pupil in Bird's School on Sixth street above Lombard; and that he has a sister now living at Mr. Diamond's a distiller on South street. We are not informed why he was in Georgia from which he took such an extraordinary means to effect his escape.

If the above assertion be true, we apprehend little trouble in restoring the man to his former home. The claim of the captain to take him back to Savannah will not be listened to for a moment by any court. The only claim the owners of the "*Keystone State*" or the captain can have on Salt-water Davis is one for half-passenger fare; he came half the way as a fish. A gentleman who came from Wilmington yesterday assures us that the case is in good hands at New Castle.

Missouri Speaking.

There is a strong feeling in Missouri in favor of the immediate organization of Nebraska into a Territory, but without the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. In announcing the disposition of Douglas' Bill by the House, the St. Louis Democrat says:

The result of the vote in the House of Representatives upon the Nebraska Bill has been decisive of its fate, and gives the mournful tidings that the territories will not be organized until the next session of Congress. This has been caused solely by tacking on the bill of the Missouri Compromise, and a new slavery agitation, thus turning the warmest advocates of the immediate organization into opponents of the Douglas' fraud.

That a bill which did not touch the slavery question would have passed by an overwhelming majority in the House, nobody doubts, and we shall therefore hold the authors of the attempted infraction of the compromises responsible for the defeat of this great measure.

The St. Louis Intelligencer, a leading Whig journal, speaks emphatically on the subject as follows:

Thus ends it. See what disaster Douglas has brought on the West! A thousand of his lives would not make amends. The country did not ask him to stir the slavery question by striving to repeal the Missouri Compromise. A bill to organize Nebraska and Kansas, without one word of slavery, would have passed long since, and the mighty West would have won two new states on her coronet. But Douglas and Pierce have spilt our hopes by gratuitous folly.

From the Far North-West.

The Council Bluffs *Bugle* publishes the summary of a "talk" with Col. A. G. Vaughan Government agents for thirteen tribes of Northern Indians. The Colonel distributed \$20,000 among his charge, which sum they are to receive annually as long as they maintain the Laramie treaty. The tribes, amounting in individuals to 70,000, were friendly and as peace among themselves. He arrived at Yellowstone on the 4th of July. On the 8th he had seen "plenty of ice on the banks of the Missouri." The whole country north of Iowa is a broken, sandy, and valueless waste, but to view, presents scenery of the most magnificent character. In one region (north of Iowa) he found everything on the surface of the ground

logs, vegetable, animals in a partial or complete state of petrification. He saw tortoises the size of the Omaha. The thermometer ranged between 90 and 100 deg., in August at Fort Pierre, where Mr. Vaughan wintered, while in December it fell below zero. After leaving Sargent's Bluffs he visited the band of Sauzeaux who have been in pursuit of the Omahas, and advised them to return home, which they promised to do.

Happiness among Savages.

Mr. Mansfield Parkyns is an amateur barbarian who left England when a young man and after some previous travels in Europe and Asia Minor, plunged into Abyssinia and assumed the habits and dress of the savages for a period of four years, after which he returned to England and published a book, which has recently made its appearance under the title of *Life in Abyssinia*. For a period of four years he wore neither hat nor shoes. When in town, he says he led the life of an Abyssinian gentleman, in dull weather disputing upon the merits of shields and spears, or in fine weather strutting about with a quarter of a pound of butter melting upon the top of his head, and running down over his face and clothes, and half a dozen equally gross Abyssinian soldiers at his heels. He then felt himself a really great man; the warriors revered him, and the tawny maidens made songs about him. The better to conform to their customs, he caused himself to be partially tattooed, and learned to eat raw beef.

Mr. Parkyns was a great sportsman, and during his residence there, procured an extensive and valuable collection of birds, beasts and fishes, as well as of Abyssinian curiosities. He made four large shipments of these treasures home to England, only one of which, however, reached that country in safety. During his wanderings in Abyssinia, he sustained almost incredible hardships. Oftentimes he was so hungry as to be grateful for a supper upon wolves, cats, hawks, crocodiles, snakes, lizards, locusts. And yet he declares that during these few years that he passed among the savages of Abyssinia—himself as great a savage as any of them—he experienced sensations of real happiness and enjoyment. He asserts that only in such a life can real happiness be found. His arguments to prove this are curious as well as original. The principal upon which he goes is, that one can enjoy nothing thoroughly, until he has suffered from privation of it. A patch of grass, a shadow, a cloud, are treasures in Africa; a draught of dirty water in the desert, is more precious than would be the choicest Tokay in Europe. A piece of scorched gizzard and a loaf baked by wrapping a red hot stone in a lump of dough, from there a luxurious repast; and the fragrant raw onions of Abyssinia, he considers more delectable than the richest fruits of the garden would be in a more civilized country. Mr. Parkyns' reasoning is very ingenious and shows that he at least, is one of those who can find happiness even in a desert among savages. But we did not believe he will make many converts to this theory among his readers.

How a Boy Judges of his Minister.

"Mother, mother, I love our minister. I mean the one that preached for us to day. I like him better than that young man who preached for us last summer."

"Why, my son! Why do you speak so about the ministers?" Little boys like you should not have their likes and dislikes nor should they express their opinions as freely as you do."

"Dear mother, I did not mean to be wicked in speaking about the ministers. I can not help loving the one, and I feel quite afraid of the other."

"My son, explain yourself. What have you seen in our present minister which makes you love him so much?"

"O mother, you remember poor William Wilson's son, the boy I persuaded to go to Sabbath school last summer?"

"Yes, I remember."

Well, last Sabbath, when meeting was done, the minister was coming down the steps with the people; and don't you think, he left the company of that rich lady and gentlemen from Boston, and came directly over to James Wilson, and put his hand on his head, and called him a fine fellow, and told him to come to his house and get a new coat, and a pair of shoes, because it was cold winter weather. I tell you mother, it is not every minister that will do that; many of them seem to feel too proud to speak to a poor ragged boy. Mother, I hope you won't be angry with me, but I must say if you will have that minister, I will love him, and teach all the boys to love him too. I think he would make a good children's minister."

The above, without alteration, is the substance of a conversation between a mother and a son, as given to me by the father, who overheard it all.

The Forest City Democrat tells the following good one of a Cleveland gallant:

"A young gent of ours, was a few evenings since in company with a young lady of fashion, making a specimen of that staple known as love, when suddenly, and without 'knocking at the door,' in stepped the venerable parent of an interloper, caused the young person of an interloper, although he was not aware that he stood in the presence of his intended father-in-law, never having had the pleasure of seeing the author of his ill-doings. The lady as soon as she could recover her wanted composure, struck a graceful attitude upon the floor, and said 'Mr. B.—this is my Pa.' The lover grappled the hand of the old man, and bowing obsequiously, returned, 'How do you do, Mr. Pa.' The old man seeing the embarrassment of both, left the room instantly as he said, 'My dear, do take care of that young man.'"

The Slavery Programme.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, thus states the reason for the acquisition of Cuba:

"For several years past, events have been slowly maturing the present crisis in our relations with Cuba. Early in the history of the Government it was manifest that the Island must ultimately fall from the necessity of its situation, under the dominion of the United States. The expansion of our territory in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, demanded the approach of this inevitable consummation. But the decisive impulse to the progress of Cuban annexation, was imparted by the attempt of Great Britain and France to intercept the event. The unwarrantable interference of European Powers in the political relations of this continent, with a view to limit the growth of the United States, excited a resentment throughout the country, which was infinitely aggravated by the disclosure of the particular policy they were pursuing for the accomplishment of their object. The moment it was discovered that Great Britain and France had decided to thwart the United States by the acquisition of Cuba, that moment did the present day."

With the lawless and predatory schemes of filibusterism we have no sympathy; and it is not from any covetous impulse that we desire the acquisition of Cuba. Our view of the policy of this measure, as of every other, is determined by the paramount and controlling consideration of southern interests. It is because we regard the acquisition of Cuba as essential to the stability of the system of